

YELLOWJACKET

COMICS

10¢

NO. 4

HELLO FOLKS!
THERE'S A DOUBLE
FEATURE FOR YOU IN
THIS ISSUE OF
YELLOW JACKET
COMICS

COME WITH ME IN
"THE ADVENTURE OF THE
CRIME SCHOOL" AND "THE
ADVENTURE OF THE
LEAD COFFIN!"



**THERESA HELPS
THE POLICE PATROL IN
"HARBOR LIGHTS"**



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(Photo shows Konradi Leitner with medium in stage of hypnotic sleep.)

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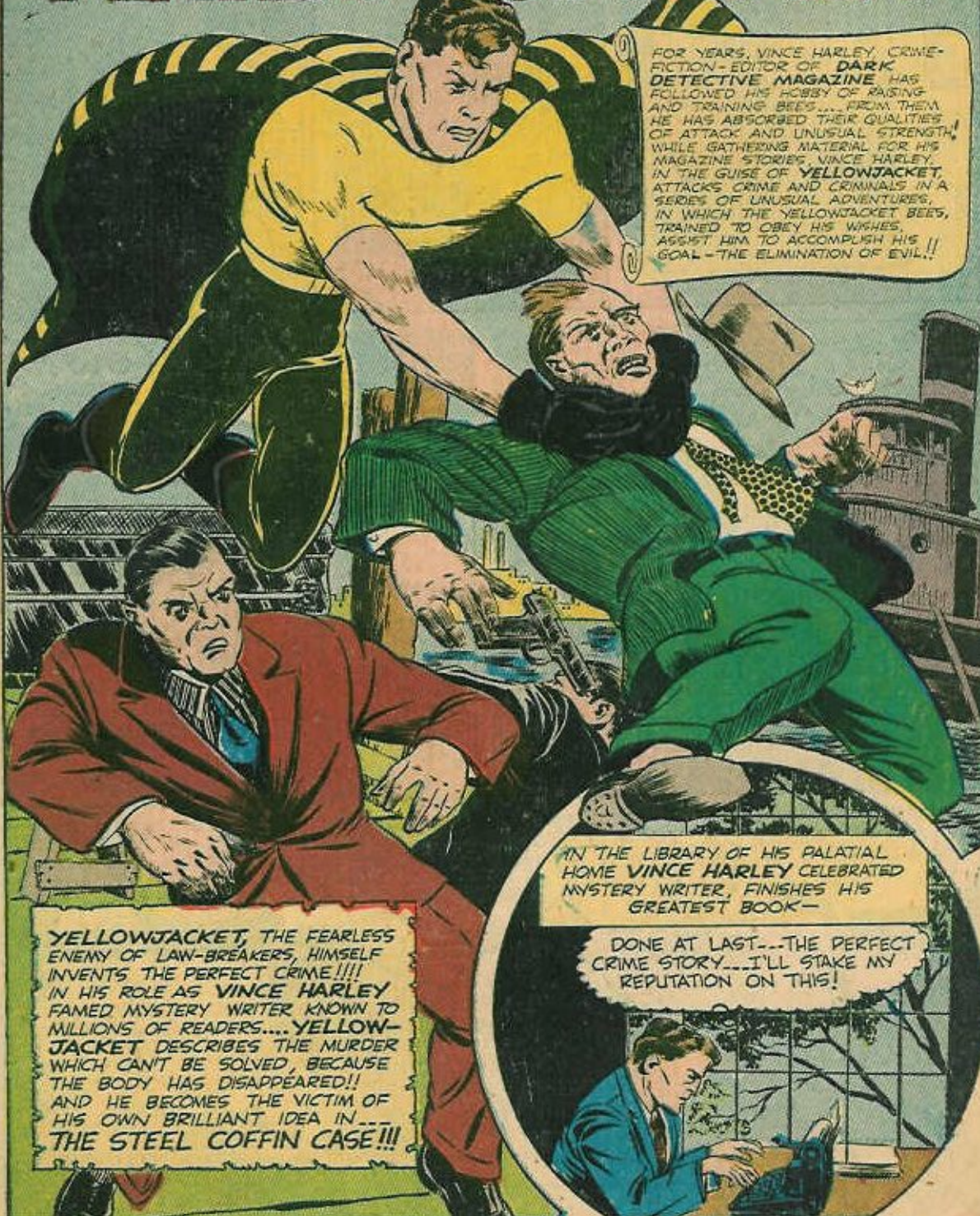
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YELLOWJACKET

The main illustration shows Yellowjacket, a superhero with a yellow and black striped suit, lunging forward with a determined expression. He is reaching out towards a man in a green suit who is falling backward. The man in the green suit has a shocked expression, his mouth open. In the lower left, another man in a red suit is shown from the waist up, looking on with a serious, intense expression. The background features industrial structures, possibly a shipyard or factory, with a large building and a crane visible.

FOR YEARS, VINCE HARLEY, CRIME-FICTION-EDITOR OF **DARK DETECTIVE MAGAZINE** HAS FOLLOWED HIS HOBBY OF RAISING AND TRAINING BEES... FROM THEM HE HAS ABSORBED THEIR QUALITIES OF ATTACK AND UNUSUAL STRENGTH! WHILE GATHERING MATERIAL FOR HIS MAGAZINE STORIES, VINCE HARLEY, IN THE GUISE OF **YELLOWJACKET**, ATTACKS CRIME AND CRIMINALS IN A SERIES OF UNUSUAL ADVENTURES, IN WHICH THE YELLOWJACKET BEES, TRAINED TO OBEY HIS WISHES, ASSIST HIM TO ACCOMPLISH HIS GOAL—THE ELIMINATION OF EVIL!!

IN THE LIBRARY OF HIS PALATIAL HOME VINCE HARLEY CELEBRATED MYSTERY WRITER, FINISHES HIS GREATEST BOOK—

DONE AT LAST...THE PERFECT CRIME STORY...I'LL STAKE MY REPUTATION ON THIS!

YELLOWJACKET, THE FEARLESS ENEMY OF LAW-BREAKERS, HIMSELF INVENTS THE PERFECT CRIME!!!! IN HIS ROLE AS **VINCE HARLEY** FAMED MYSTERY WRITER KNOWN TO MILLIONS OF READERS....**YELLOWJACKET** DESCRIBES THE MURDER WHICH CAN'T BE SOLVED, BECAUSE THE BODY HAS DISAPPEARED!! AND HE BECOMES THE VICTIM OF HIS OWN BRILLIANT IDEA IN...**THE STEEL COFFIN CASE!!!**





I'M CUTTING OUT-
GOOMBYE! BETTER
A BROKEN LEG
THAN A COMPLETE
OVERHAULIN'!

SOMETIMES MY
FEET DON'T MOVE
FAST ENOUGH
FOR MY BODY!

HEY--THAT'S THE
ONLY COPY...AND
IT'S WORTH
MILLIONS!



BREATHLESS AND SHAKEN--THE TWO CROOKS
ARRIVE AT THE GANG'S HIDEOUT--

YUH BOIDBRAINS!
I SHOULDA DONE
THIS JOB MESELF!

BUT DE
GUY DON'T
FIGHT FAIR,
CHIEF! HE
HITS BACK!

BUT IT WASN'T
A TOTAL LOSS,
BOSS.... I
SNITCHED DIS
BRIEFCASE!



IT'S NOTHING BUT
A STORY!.... BUT
WAIT A MINUTE
DIS TITLE SOUNDS
INTERESTING!!

IT PROVES
WE WENT
DERE
BOSS!

ARE YOU
KIDDEN,
CLARENCE?
DIS SHINER
AIN'T NO
FAKE!



DE "POIFECT
CRIME! AND
IT'S HERE!
BOYS DIS IS
TERRIFIC--ALL
WE GOTTA
DO IS FOLLOW
IT TO DE
LETTER AN'
WE'RE SITIN'
PURTY!

YOU MEAN
WE'RE
FORGIVEN,
CHIEF?

DAT'S
WHAT DE
BOSS
SAID!!

I GOT ANUDDER
IDEA--WE'LL
TRY IT OUT
ON DAT
WRITING GUY
HIMSELF!--
CALL DE
BOYS!!

I'LL
WEAR MY
NEW .45
TO DIS
PARTY!

DEY'RE
CALLED!



MINUTES LATER--A THUG-FILLED
SEDAN ROARS ACROSS TOWN AND
THEIR RIDE SPELLS DEATHLY
DANGER FOR **VINCE HARLEY**

HARLEY'S BOOKS
SELLS LIKE
PANCAKES! WE'LL
STEAL ALL DE
ROYALTIES FROM
HIS SAFE!

D'YA TINK
FIVE OF US
IS ENOUGH
OF US BOSS?
I'D FEEL
SAFER WID
MORE COMPANY
ALONG!

PRESENTLY--



WE'LL CARRY OUT ALL HIS INSTRUCTIONS TO A 'T... DEN WE CAN'T GO WRONG!

INSIDE, VINCE HARLEY FINISHES A HURRIED CALL TO THE POLICE...

YOU'LL HAVE TO CANCEL MY CONTRACT FOR THE "PERFECT CRIME" STORY! IT'S BEEN STOLEN... AND I HAVEN'T GOT THE PATIENCE TO REWRITE IT... THANKS FOR THE SYMPATHY!



THE CUTHBERT MOB... MY FAVORITE PUNCHING BAG!

DAT'S US, CHUMP... TANKS FER DE INTRODUCTION.

RUSH 'IM BOYS--IT SAYS SO HERE!!!



YOU MUSS GOT YOUR NERVE RETURNING TO THE SCENE OF YOUR CRIME!

KEEP UP BOYS! DAT'S WHAT IT SAYS IN CHAPTER TWO!



HEY-I DIDN'T READ HIS PART!

MAYBE HE WROTE BETWEEN DE LINES BOYS!

BUT SUPERIOR NUMBERS COUNT--AND SO SHORTLY.....

OKAY BOYS--I'M LICKED... BUT WHAT DID YOU DO WITH MY MANUSCRIPT!

I HOPE YUH REALIZE HOW EDUCATIONAL IT IS, PAL... EVERY CROOK SHOULD HAVE ONE! DON'T WORRY ABOUT YOUR MANUSCRIPT... IT WON'T GO TO WASTE!!!







LOOK, CLANCY—
A FUNERAL!

LOOKS MIGHTY
PECULIAR, DOUGHERTY!
MUST BE A SEA
CAPTAIN WANTIN'
T'BE BURIED IN
THE BRINY!!



BOO, HOO! THIS IS
BUSTIN' ME HEART!

PHOOEY— IT'S
BUSTIN' ME BACK!

WE'RE NEARING
THE END OF THE
BOOK, BOYS— DIS
PART IS ON PAGE
238!



DAT'S A WEIGHT
OFF ME CHEST!

DE POOR FISHES
WON'T MAKE
NOTHIN' OUTTA
DIS DEAL!!

AND SO ENDS A
GREAT STORY! SO
LONG FISH-BAIT!
AND HERE'S VER
STORY— WE WON'T
BE NEEDIN' IT
ANYMORE!

POOR MAN! BUT HE'S
A LUCKY SAILOR TO
BE HAVING GOOD
FRIENDS LIKE YOU
GENTS TO SEE HIM
OFF!

THANKS, OFFICER!
IT'S THE LEAST
WE COULD DO
FOR 'IM!



BUT DEEP IN THE RIVER VINCE HARLEY
IS BUSILY ADDING ANOTHER CHAPTER TO HIS
STORY--

I KNEW THIS
AUTO JACK WOULD
COME IN HANDY!
AH, THERE IT
GOES!



THOSE THUGS BROKE THE
COPYRIGHT LAWS WHEN
THEY STOLE MY STORY
AND THAT'S
DANGEROUS!!!



THE WRITER HURRIES HOME FOR A BRIEF STOP--
JUST LONG ENOUGH TO ASSUME HIS ROLE AS
THE YELLOWJACKET--

I'VE GOT TO GET MY REVENGE
ON THOSE WOULD BE MURDERERS!--
THANK GOODNESS I'VE GOT
MY STORY BACK!!



THEY EVEN HAD
THE POLICE AS WITNESSES
TO MY DEATH--JUST AS I
PLANNED IT IN MY BOOK!



AFTER A THOROUGH SEARCH FOR THE KILLERS,
FINALLY----

I THOUGHT I'D FIND YOU SCOUNDRELS HERE
AT THE BIGGEST JEWELERS IN TOWN!

I'LL HAVE TO WORK
FAST TO MAKE A
CLEAN SWEEP OF
THIS MOB!



LET'S PLAY HIDE
AND SEEK--I'LL
HIDE AND YOU
FIND ME!

DIG'LL BE FUN BUT I'LL
COST YOU YOUR LIFE
WHEN WE CATCH UP
--WITH YOU!

C'MON, YOU
FAT FELONS--
FASTER!

AFTER 'IM--
DON'T LET 'IM
ESCAPE!



AFTER
'IM
MEN!



BUT WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT YELLOWJACKET LOCKS THE REAR DOOR AND MAKES HIS WAY AROUND TO THE FRONT OF THE STORE ---



YELLOWJACKET SENDS HIS BEES INTO THE STORE ---



COME RIGHT AWAY! AND BRING THE RIOT SQUAD!



AFTER SEVERAL MINUTES....

THEY'RE ROBBING THE BEST JEWELRY STORE IN THE CITY—AND IN BROAD DAYLIGHT!

THEY SURE HAVE GOOD TASTE!



OW!
I'M SHOT!

I'M STABBED!

DO A GOOD JOB ON 'EM, BEES!

THEY'RE DRILLING ME!



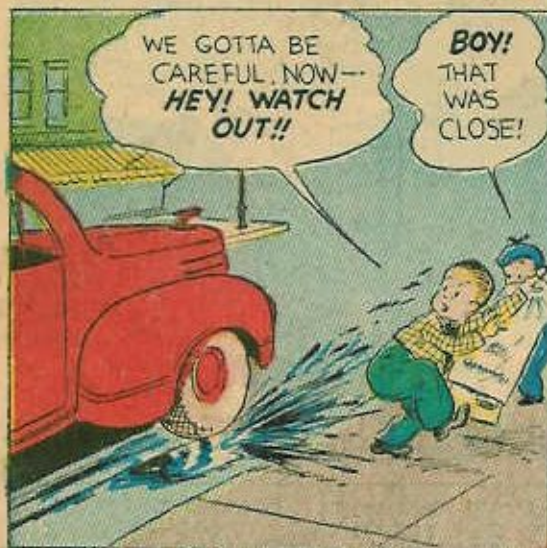
SAVE US!

WE'LL CONFESS TO EVERYTHING!

IT'S BEES! WE CAN'T GO IN THERE—WHAT'LL WE DO?!!







YELLOWJACKET

WHEN AN EDUCATED CRIME EXPONENT TURNS TEACHER AND PASSES HIS EVIL LEARNINGS ON TO HIS MORE ILLITERATE COLLEAGUES AND EXPECTS HIS PUPILS TO REWARD HIM WITH VARIOUS LOOT, IT CANNOT BE DENIED THAT A FANTASTIC ESTABLISHMENT IS IN THE MAKING! ONE MAN, WHO IS BEING RECOGNIZED BY THE UNDERWORLD AS A MENACE TO CRIME, STRUGGLES TO DISSOLVE THIS NEWLY CONCOCTED SCHOOL FOR CRIME! THAT MAN IS.....

YELLOWJACKET!



OUR STORY OPENS IN ONE OF THE CITY PARKS....

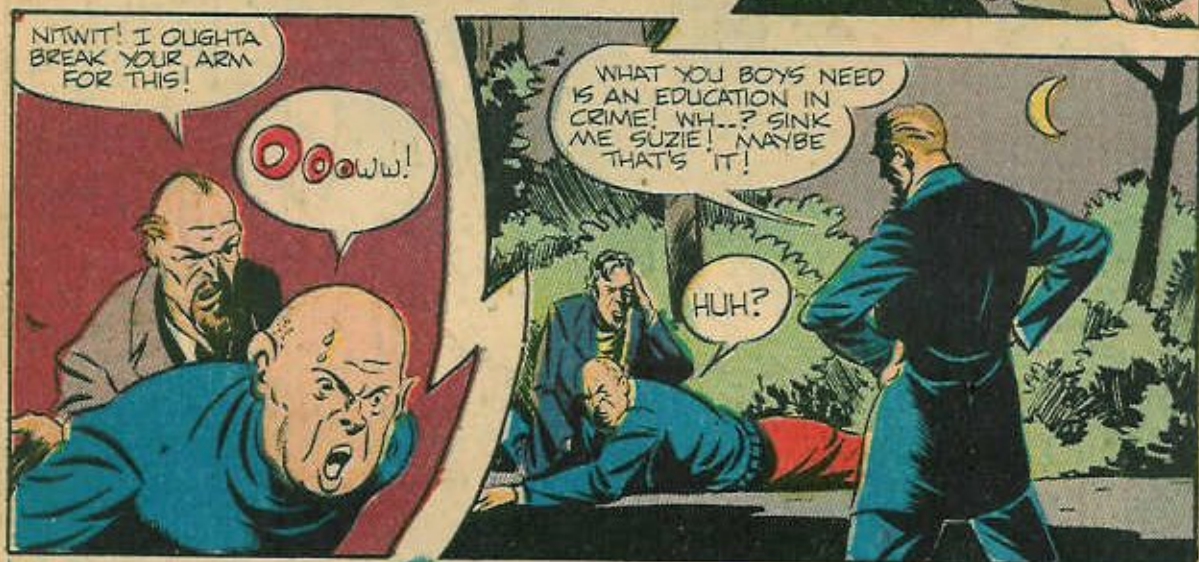
BAH! I SLIPPED ONCE AND IT COST ME TEN YEARS IN THE STATE PEN....BUT THINGS ARE GOING TO BE DIFFERENT NOW!

I'M THROUGH WITH THE PENNY-ANTE STUFF! FROM NOW ON, IT'S THE BIG-TIME SLOT FOR ME! THERE'S NO DENYIN' I'M ONE OF THE SHARPEST CRIMINALS IN THE BIZ AND NO ONE CAN STOP ME!

AT THAT MOMENT, GREEDY EYES HAVE SPOTTED THE DETERMINED CRIMINAL...

DA GUYS ALONE! THIS SHOULD BE AN EASY TAKE, C'MON!





LOOK, PROFESSOR! WOULD YOU MIND TELLING YOUR STUDENTS TO EASE UP IN THEIR EXERCISES? THAT CONTINUAL RACKET THEY HAND OUT IS TERRIFIC!



I'M VERY SORRY... I SHALL CAUTION MY STUDENTS TO BE A LITTLE MORE QUIET IN THE FUTURE!



DO YA THINK D' SNOOPER SUSPECTS ANYTHING TOPAZ?

OF COURSE NOT, NOW GO BACK TO YOUR EXERCISES!



BUT KNOW-IT-ALL TOPAZ IS WRONG--

HMM! I SAW "BUGS" DUGAN AND "FINGERS" FIP IN THERE! THOSE THUGS CAN'T BE GOING TO SCHOOL JUST FOR EDUCATION!



THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY ABOUT THE WHOLE SET-UP! I MAY SEEM FUNNY BUT YELLOWJACKET IS GOING BACK TO SCHOOL!



MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE SCHOOLHOUSE ---

NOW, BEFORE WE BEGIN TODAY'S LESSON, I'LL TAKE A LOOK AT YOUR HOME-WORK!



DID YOU DO TODAY'S ASSIGNMENT SLIPPERY?

SO ITAINLY TEACHER! TAKE A GANDA AT DIS!



GOOD, NOW TODAY'S LESSON WILL TAKE UP VARIOUS WAYS OF GAINING ENTRANCE TO A BANK!

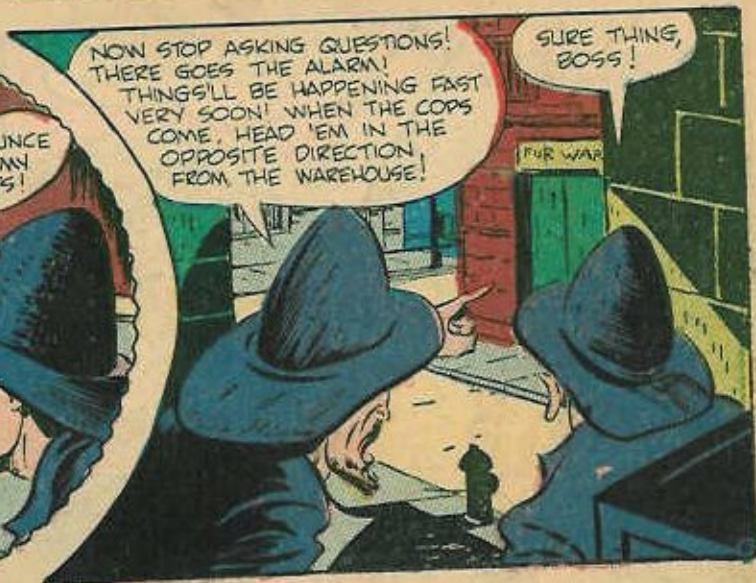


SUDDENLY--

FIRST YOU-- WH... YELLOWJACKET!







SECOND LATER, TOPAZ AND HIS STUDENTS IN CRIME RUSH INTO THE FUR STORAGE WAREHOUSE--

ALL RIGHT, EVERYBODY, START CLEARING THE PREMISES. THAT FIRE DOWN THE BLOCK MAY SPREAD TO THIS BUILDING!



HEY, BUD STEP IT UP! YOU'RE NO EXCEPTION!

B-BUT I'M THE MANAGER! SOMEONE MUST REMAIN IN THE WAREHOUSE!



NONSENSE! I'LL TAKE THE RESPONSIBILITY!

W-WELL ALL RIGHT! BUT THIS IS HIGHLY IRREGULAR!



I GOTTA HAND IT TO YOU. BEFORE THEY FIND OUT WE AIN'T REAL FIREMEN - WE'LL HAVE THIS JOINT CLEANED!



BUT SUDDENLY

YELLOWJACKET! IT ISN'T POSSIBLE!!!

YOU'LL FIND OUT IN A MINUTE CHUMP!



SO YOU BOYS HAVE GONE IN FOR FIRE FIGHTING, EH?

WELL, I'VE GOT WHAT IT TAKES TO PUT THEM 'OUT!



YOU RATS ARE IN FOR A BEE-DOOTIFUL TIME!

NO-NO! KEEP 'EM AWAY!





OUT OF COMMISSION

THE sharp crack of a rifle brought unexpected stillness to the jungle skirting the edge of the hard-packed beach. Sparky hurled himself from the wing of the plane, hit the sand and started to run. Again there came the sound of a shot. A spigot of sand erupted to his right, as he hurled himself into the dense undergrowth, dropped to one knee.

It was very still now, with just the soft rustle of waves along the beach. Sparky touched the damp on his forehead, began to inch his way forward—

Away to the right, closer at hand this time, came the repeated crack of a rifle. Sparky crouched down. This last shot could have been Craig's, from somewhere in the jungle. Craig was up there as look-out, while Sparky worked on the fuel pump. Sparky pushed cautiously forward, keeping low, watching.

At last he saw Craig standing above something sprawled on the ground.

"Old sure-shot," Sparky moved up, stared down at the relaxed body of the Jap, half across a log. "What's it all about?"

Craig's tanned face was tight beneath hard lines. "It means, kid, that we aren't the only ones here. Those shots probably tipped off any pals this guy might have had!"

Sparky nodded, turning to stare into the shadowy undergrowth about them. "I get it. We take off fast or... not at all. But maybe you're wrong. About there being others—"

"Wishful thinking, kid. Get back to your cooking. I'll have a look-see. Maybe... just maybe... you're right. I hope so!"

Sparky slid back through the jungle, hesitated a moment at its edge, then moved swiftly across the beach. It was hot in the sun and every second counted. Probably Craig was right. No doubt when they came in for an emergency landing they had been seen. If they didn't hustle it would be too late.

IT MIGHT have been minutes later, or hours even, when the plane was ready for service again. Sparky wiped his hands clean, turned to stare up and down the beach, into the shadows of the jungle. Craig was gone a long time now. Sparky knew he didn't dare test this job. They'd have to take it off cold and trust to luck. If only Craig would come back.

The sun was high when Sparky checked his carbine and .45. He ploughed into the undergrowth, worked his way up over a ridge and started down on the far side. Once in a while he could see a little lagoon below. The occasional glimpse of the beach showed it deserted—

Somewhere a shadow moved and Sparky flung the carbine to his shoulder. The sharp crack of the shot rocketed through the silence. The shadow was gone—

But other shadows converged swiftly. Japs. Sparky whirled as they poured out of the underbrush and surrounded him. Japs... and more Japs. All of them covered Sparky with rifles. Slitted black eyes stared back defiantly, thin lips moving faintly across one or two faces.

"You stand still," one of them announced, moving ahead of the others. "Else... you get shot."

"I kinda thought so," Sparky murmured. "What's this? A reception committee? Where's the ball gonna be held?"

"No ball. You stay right here. Your friend—"

"Oh-oh," Sparky snarled. "I expected that. Well, since you've got him—"

* * * * *

SPARKY flung himself forward. A rifle cracked, but he knew it would be a miss, because no one would dare fire at him for fear of hitting their leader. Next instant Sparky ripped the Jap around, flung an arm across his throat and tightened down. He ripped the automatic out of its holster, jerked it up and pumped lead. He had a strangle hold on his captor, hold-

ing him up as a guard. The automatic blazed vengefully. Then it clicked. . . .

Something crashed against Sparky's head from behind. In his last seconds of consciousness he knew someone had sneaked up behind, rammed the butt of a rifle around the tree for a knock-out. After that Sparky went down in a heap.

CONSCIOUSNESS returned slowly. Sparky's head and shoulders ached savagely. He lifted his head painfully. His body was suspended by his arms from a rope flung over the limb of a tree. His toes barely touched the ground. His body felt as if it had been stretched miles.

Slowly Sparky twisted his head, stared up at the limb over which the rope had been thrown. His hands were numb. He lifted his feet and the weight of his body drew the limb down a little, but not enough to break.

Somewhere down on the beach a slim whistle cut the stillness and Sparky paused to stare. From his hanging position he had an almost unobstructed view of the lagoon.

Now the waters broke softly and something lifted through the blue. The conning tower of a sub. For a moment Sparky held his breath, watching as the under-sea craft exposed its ominous dark length.

A Jap sub. And here for—what?

Frantically Sparky turned his attention to the limb above him. The nearest obstructing branch of any size was a good sixteen inches along. There were nubbins in the way, to be sure—

Swiftly Sparky worked the rope, digging his toes into the ground. If he could get it out far enough it would break.

He was halfway out when he stopped to stare down upon the beach, watching the sub there. Men swarmed out upon her deck, more Japs were on the beach. One of them was looking up the hillside, to where Sparky was spot-lighted in the boiling sun.

With dull agony he saw a soldier raise a rifle. Frantically Sparky hurled his weight against the rope toward the end of the limb. It slid almost all the way. He yanked his legs up—

The whine of a bullet sounded past his ear. Next instant the limb bowed gently, held a second, broke with a soft snap.

Sparky dropped to the ground. Pain and weariness almost drove him to his face. He fought it off, stumbled to his feet. Again there came the ominous whine of a bullet. Another. . . .

Stumbling into the woods, Sparky stared

back, saw the Japs streaming along the beach, plunging into the woods after him.

WAY along the ridge a cloud of smoke billowed up softly. It thinned out and Sparky saw a sheet of flame rolling down across the beach, widening, dancing higher and higher, rolling out across the water like a tidal wave. A second later it had reached the sub, was surrounding her. Flames licked up.

A sudden explosion rocked the ground, hurling rocks and bits of trees and leaves high into the air. Flame was licking through the woods. Sparky could hear the hungry crackle of it, eating its way viciously uphill.

Someone broke out of the shadows of the woods, plunged toward where Sparky crouched. A Jap, carrying a rifle—

Sparky whirled. And a familiar voice reached out to him:

"Keep going! Don't stop. It's me . . . Craig!"

They were over the ridge, half stumbling, half falling, down toward the narrow strip of beach. Craig panted, "Didn't know what . . . happened to you. Saw you later . . . tied up. I—I fixed 'em!"

They were on the beach, were tumbling into the plane. Above the island, rising into the sky like a colored umbrella, rose a cloud of smoke. Flames licked up beneath it, and the hiss of withering underbrush sounded like water in a hot skillet.

"What's it all about?" Sparky yelled. "I—"

"I'll take this job up," Craig snapped. "We've gotta hurry!"

SPARKY'S breath almost choked till the prop kicked over, and the motor broke into life. Craig waited, warming it, feeling the throttle out until the last second. He called, "I borrowed that first Nip's uniform so I could get past them. In the excitement they didn't tumble. Saw them get you and saw the sub come in. There was only one thing to do!"

"Go on. I'm no mind reader!"

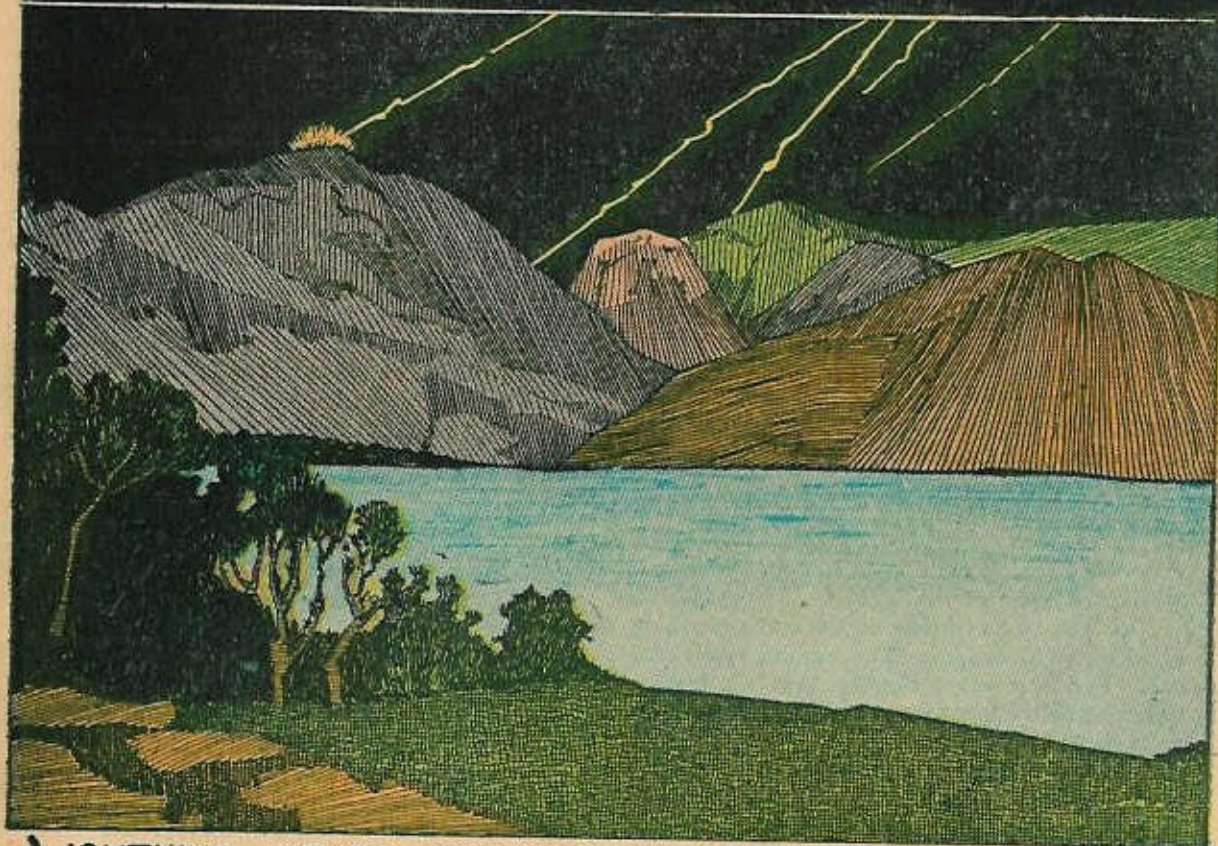
Craig grinned. "They had a fueling base here. Halfway up the hill, in a tunnel. Enough oil and gas to run the Jap fleet a month. Or almost. At any rate, it'll give them a nice baking! I blew it up!"

"Yeah. But I'm beginning to sizzle—"

Craig grinned back as the plane snapped forward, zoomed into the late afternoon sky. "You're not half as hot as it's already gotten for those Japs back there. This is one secret base they won't use for a long time to come!"

THE END

DEBUNKER



LIGHTNING NEVER STRIKES TWICE IN THE SAME PLACE?
LIGHTNING STRUCK THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING 15 TIMES IN 15 MINUTES—IN THE DESERTS OF SOUTH AFRICA, 2,000 TIMES IN SAME PLACE.



THE PRAIRIE DOG IS NOT A DOG—BUT A RODENT OR A SQUIRREL.



BLOODHOUNDS ARE VICIOUS?
QUITE THE OPPOSITE—ARE GENTLE PEACEFUL DOGS SHOW NO INTEREST IN A TRAILED PERSON—ONLY BAY TO INFORM THEIR MASTER.

DIANA THE HUNTRESS



FRIGHTFUL FAMINE LURKS IN WAR'S WAKE,
AN ALLIED ASSAULT DRIVES HITLER'S
HORDE FROM THE HELLENIC ISLES.....
AMERICA RUSHES RELIEF TO THE GALLANT
GREEKS THROUGH U.N.R.R.A. BUT AS
GALLANT MEN GRADUALLY WEAKEN AND
BABIES CRY FOR BREAD, A BLOODY CURSE
CLUTCHES THE HEART OF MERCY! IN
PURSUIT OF THE PERIL FLASHES
DIANA THE HUNTRESS, NEVER
QUAVERING FROM A THREAT OF DOOM
TO HER IMMORTAL BODY!

TONY PALMA, HEAD OF THE U.N.R.R.A. AGENCY IN ATHENS, RECEIVES A MYSTERIOUS PACKAGE---



HOLY SMOKE NICK! WHAT'S
ON THIS SKEWER? A
HUMAN EYE!

THE CURSE...THE CURSE
OF KASHGAR!



AS YOU WILL, ALMIGHTY ZEUS...IF YOUR CHOICE WON'T OFFEND THE MIGHTY HERCULES!

NAY, I HAVE A HEAVIER TASK FOR GOD OF BRAUN!

TO CORINTH I SHALL SPEED AND PIT ALL MY IMMORTAL STRENGTH AGAINST THE FIEND WHO FATTENS ON FAMISHED PEOPLE!

REACHING EARTH, DIANA IS STARTLED BY A RUSH OF AIR-

MERCURY...MESSENGER OF THE GODS!...WHAT FATE BRINGS YOU?

A DIRE WARNING FOR YOU FROM ZEUS!

BEWARE! YOUR IMMORTALITY CANNOT PROTECT YOU FROM THE SWORDS OF KASHGAR! IT IS CURSED!

THE GODDESS OF HUNT FEARS NOT DEATH! BEGONE YOU ALARMIST!

WE AIN'T GOT ENOUGH GUNS FOR A PITCHED BATTLE, MR. PALMA!

BUT WE'VE GOT GUTS! I'LL DRIVE THE LEAD TRUCK MYSELF!

BABIES CRYING FOR BREAD! SICK MEN MOANING FOR MEDICINE! NOTHING CAN STOP US TONIGHT NICK!

NOTHING BUT-- DEATH!



THAT SNEAKING VIPER WON'T
LIKE THE TASTE OF MY
VENOMOUS ARROW!



THE TWANG OF A BOWSTRING, THE WHINE OF
A SWIFT SHAF AND DIANA SCORES ONE AGAINST
THE ENEMY--

PASHA DIES, BUT I
SHALL SLIT THE
FEMALE'S THROAT!

EEYAH!



INFIDEL
WRETCH!

HE WHO CURSES
THE GODS MUST
PAY WITH HIS
LIFE!



THE WOUNDED TURK I WAS
TRAILING HAS VANISHED...IF
KASHGAR'S BAND LURKS
NEARBY, I'LL BE TRAPPED IN
A RING OF DEATH!



KASHGAR, THE TURKISH
TERRORIST, CHUCKLES AT
HIS SCOUTS MISFORTUNE--

WOUNDED BY A
WOMAN? BAH!
DIE LIKE A DOG,
YOU SCUM!

BUT, MASTER!
SHE IS A
TIGRESS OF
FEARFUL
STRENGTH!



TO THE ATTACK, NOBLE
SONS OF ALLAH! MY
LOOKOUT SPIES HAVE
SPIED TRUCKS ROARING
UP THE VALLEY!



OUR LOOT PILES HIGHER AND
HIGHER AS THE PEASANTS
STARVE... THIS FOOD WILL
BRING US A FORTUNE IN
ISTANBUL!



THEY ARE ON THE MARCH AND THE BRUTE AT THEIR HEAD MUST BE THE DREADED KASHGAR!



ZEUS' WARNING TO DIANA GETS STARTLING PROOF ---

HO - WHAT INFIDEL DARES THE FURY OF MY MAGIC SWORD? OFF WITH THE BEGGAR'S HEAD!



AND THE CURSE DESCENDS UPON DIANA -

BACK, YOU FIENDS!

A WOMAN! TAKE HER ALIVE!



HIS SWORD IS SATAN-BLESSED! I CAN'T SURVIVE!

I'VE CAUGHT HER! BRING THE CHAINS! WHAT A TEMPTING VICTIM FOR TORTURE!



TRUCKS! THE AMERICAN FOOL IN ATHENS WAS NOT FRIGHTENED BY THE SKEWERED EYE!

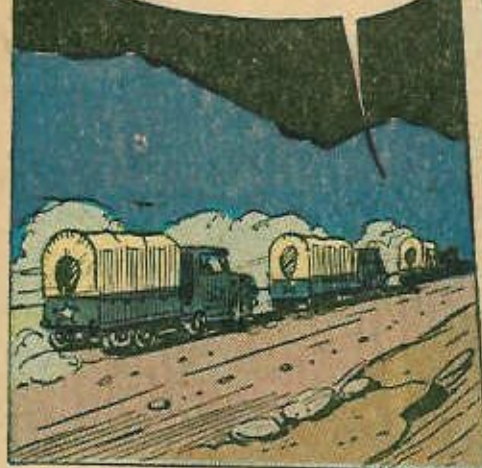
ZEUS - I BEG OF YOU! GIVE ME STRENGTH!

KASHGAR NEEDS GUNS, NICK! HE SENT THAT EYE AS A THREAT SO WE ARM THE TRUCKS!

AROUND THE CURVE AHEAD, TONY, LOOK!



KASHGAR'S BAND!
SIGNAL THE REAR, NICK,
AND GRAB YOUR GUN!



KEEP DOWN, NICK!
ONE OF 'EM'S BLASTING
AT US WITH A
CHOPPER!



WE'LL TEACH
THOSE DIRTY
TURKS!

NICK! COME BACK!
YOU'LL BE KILLED!
HE'S H-HIT!



WITH RAGING STRENGTH,
DIANA GAINS HER FREEDOM—

BY THE NIGHT
OF OLYMPUS,
THESE TURKS
SHALL TASTE
THE WRATH
OF MY
VENGEANCE!

ALLAH
PROTECT
US!



ONE BY ONE THEY'LL
FALL UNTIL I HAVE
CORNERED KASHGAR!



FOR YOUR SINS
YOU SHALL DIE!



NO! IN
ALLAH'S
NAME,
SPARE
ME!

KASHGAR!

ENOUGH OF YOUR
TREACHERY, GREEK
WRETCH! MY MAGIC
SWORD THIRSTS
FOR BLOOD!





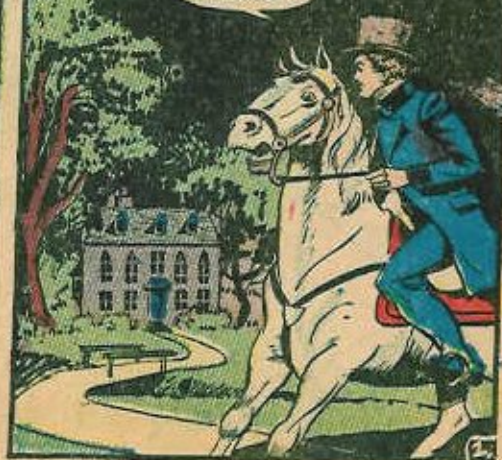
FAMOUS TALES of TERROR

BY
EDGAR
ALLAN
POE



DUSK WAS GATHERING ITS LONG SHADOWS AS POE REINED HIS MOUNT TO STARE AT A DISMAL HOUSE.

WHAT A GLOOMY OLD PLACE! IF RODERICK USHER WERE NOT MY FRIEND, I'D NEVER DARE STOP HERE.



THE HOUSE WAS HAUNTED NOT BY A GHOST—BUT A NAMELESS DREAD—A DREAD THAT CLUNG LIKE MOSS TO THE ROTTING EAVES! DISASTER ALONE COULD BREAK THE SINISTER SPELL. AND WHEN THE FINAL HOUR STRUCK, NO POWER ON EARTH COULD PREVENT—THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER!

MASSA'S WAITIN' FER YOU, MISTAH POE. YOU-ALL GO RIGHT IN, SUH.

ER, YES, RUF.



MR. POE? AH, YES... BUT I FEARED YOU WOULD NOT RISK THIS VISIT. FOLLOW ME.

DREARY DOMICILE I MUST SAY! A QUEER ODOR TAINTS THE AIR, LIKE THE DANK PRESENCE OF DEATH!



THE MASTER AWAITS WITHIN. ER, 'TIS QUITE ALL RIGHT. DON'T HESITATE.

YES, YES, OF COURSE.



A CLAMMY CHILL FINGERED POE'S SPINE AS THE DOOR CLOSED BEHIND HIM.

RODERICK! WHERE ARE YOU? SPEAK TO ME!



EDGAR - I'M SO THANKFUL YOU RECEIVED MY LETTER. COME. PLEASE SIT DOWN.



YOU HAVE CHANGED MUCH SINCE WE LAST MET. WHAT, ER, SEEMS TO BE THE TROUBLE?

A MALADY - PERHAPS A NERVOUS AILMENT, IMPRISONING ME IN A TOWER OF TERROR.



DOES THIS
HOUSE BY
ANY CHANCE
AFFECT YOU?

ALAS, THAT'S TRUE.
FOR YEARS I'VE
NEVER DARED
VENTURE OUTSIDE
IT'S WALLS.



A MUFFLED TREAD - THEN POE'S
EYES WIDENED IN TERROR!

GOOD HEAVENS! WHO'S
THAT? SHE'S IN A
HYPNOTIC TRANCE!



YOUR SISTER
MADELINE -
WHAT'S WRONG
WITH HER?

A DISEASE
WHICH BAFFLES
THE BEST
PHYSICIANS
THERE IS
NO HOPE.



ON RETIRING TO A GUEST
CHAMBER, POE WAS
STARTLED BY HIS HOST.

UH? OH,
'TIS YOU!

MADELINE HAS
SUFFERED A STROKE.
I FEAR YOU'LL NEVER
SEE HER AGAIN.



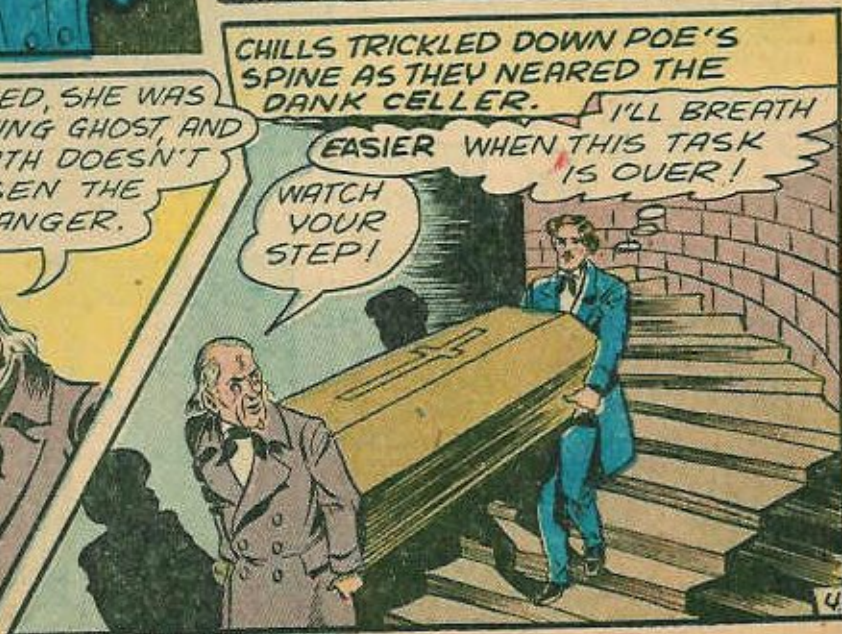
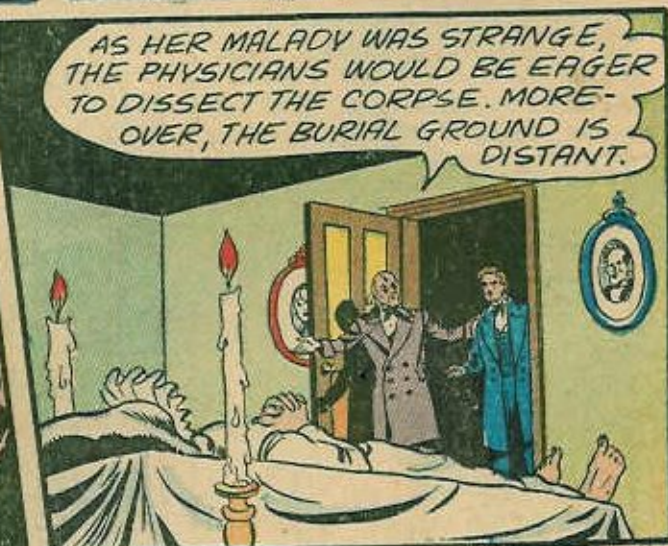
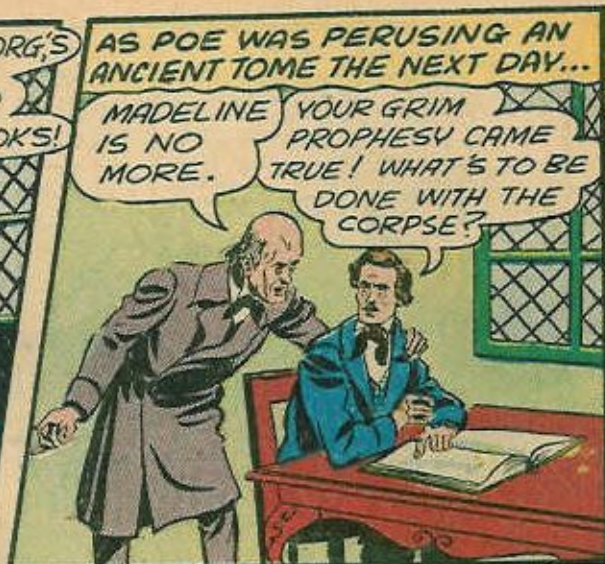
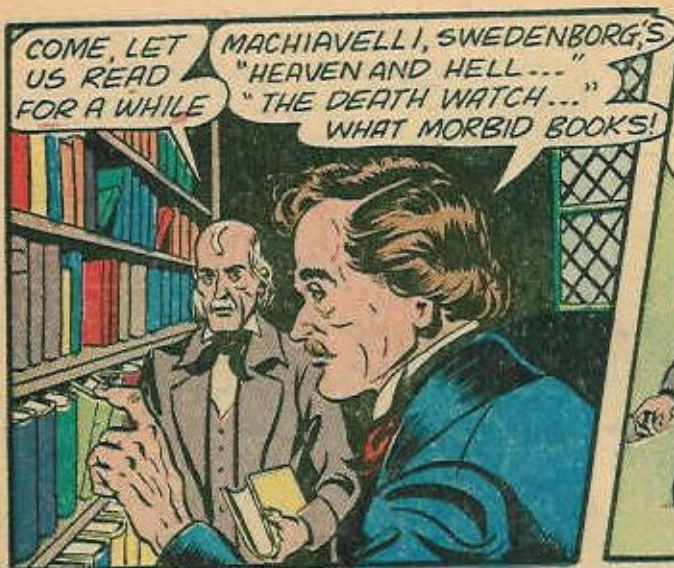
SHE DID NOT DIE?
IN SUCH CASES
THE LIVING ARE
HARDLY
DISTINGUISHABLE
FROM THE DEAD.

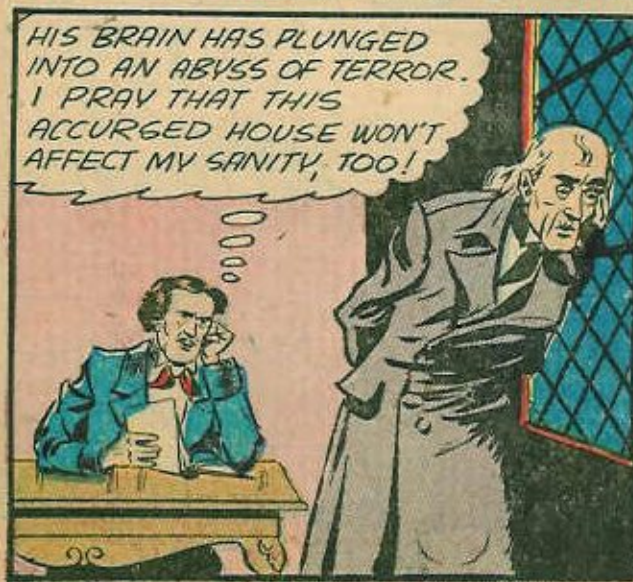
DESPITE
SLEEPLESS
NIGHTS,
POE
REMAINED
SEVERAL
DAYS
LONGER
WITH HIS
DREAD-
STRICKEN
FRIEND.

THE BRUSH REFLECTS
YOUR TORTURED
MOOD, RODERICK.

YEA - THE
MYSTIC DEPTH
OF MY WORK
FRIGHTENS ME!







SEE THAT
UNEARTHLY
GLOW!

YES, A FRIGHTFUL
STORM, BUT DON'T
BE AFRAID.



AN EERIE SHAFT OF UNNATURAL
LIGHT POURED THROUGH THE WILD
CLOUDS ONTO THE HOUSE OF USHER!



YOU MUSTN'T
STARE SO.
IT'S MERELY AN
ELECTRICAL
PHENOMENA.

NO! NO!
IT'S THE
SIGN OF
IMPENDING
DOOM!

BE CALM. I'LL
READ YOU
SIR LAUNCELOT'S
"MAD TRIST."

IT'S
COMING.
I KNOW
IT'S
COMING!

"ETHELREL, FEARING
THE RISING TEMPEST,
SMOTE THE
PLANKS WITH HIS
MACE AND..."

WHAT WAS
THAT CREAKING?



DON'T MOVE, RODERICK!
I HEARD IT!



FOR DAYS I'VE HEARD
NOISES YET I DARED
NOT SPEAK. WE PUT
HER ALIVE IN
THE TOMB!

HEAVEN
HELP US—
SHE'S
COMING!





"SHE HAS BROKEN FROM THE COFFIN! I HEAR THE HORRIBLE BEAT OF HER VENGEFUL HEART!"

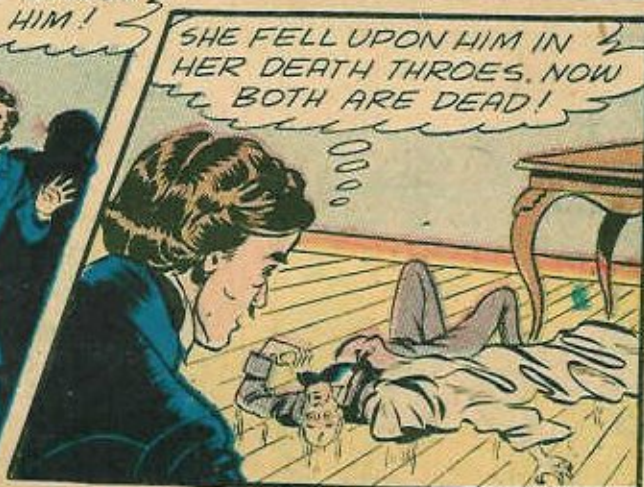
THE DOOR- IT'S OPENING!

HINGES CREAKED, THEN THE LIVING CORPSE STOOD BEFORE THEM, MOANING WEIRDLY!



NO, MADELINE! IT WAS A MISTAKE - I SWEAR!

HE CAN'T SURVIVE! THE SHOCKING TERROR WILL KILL HIM!



SHE FELL UPON HIM IN HER DEATH THROES. NOW BOTH ARE DEAD!

AGHAST WITH FRIGHT, POE FLED MADLY FROM THE HOUSE OF HORRORS!



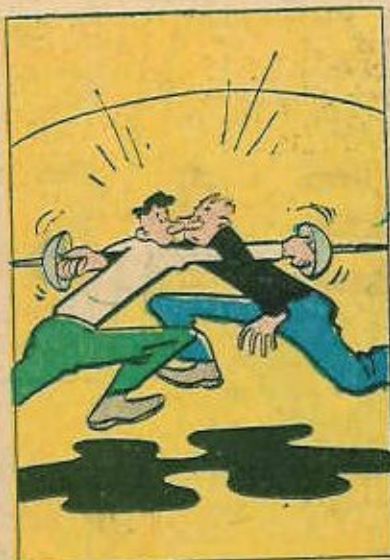
HIS BRAIN REELING IN TERROR, POE STAGGERED AWAY INTO THE STORM.

THE AWFUL DOOM HE FEARED HAS COME! A METEOR- ABOUT TO STRIKE!

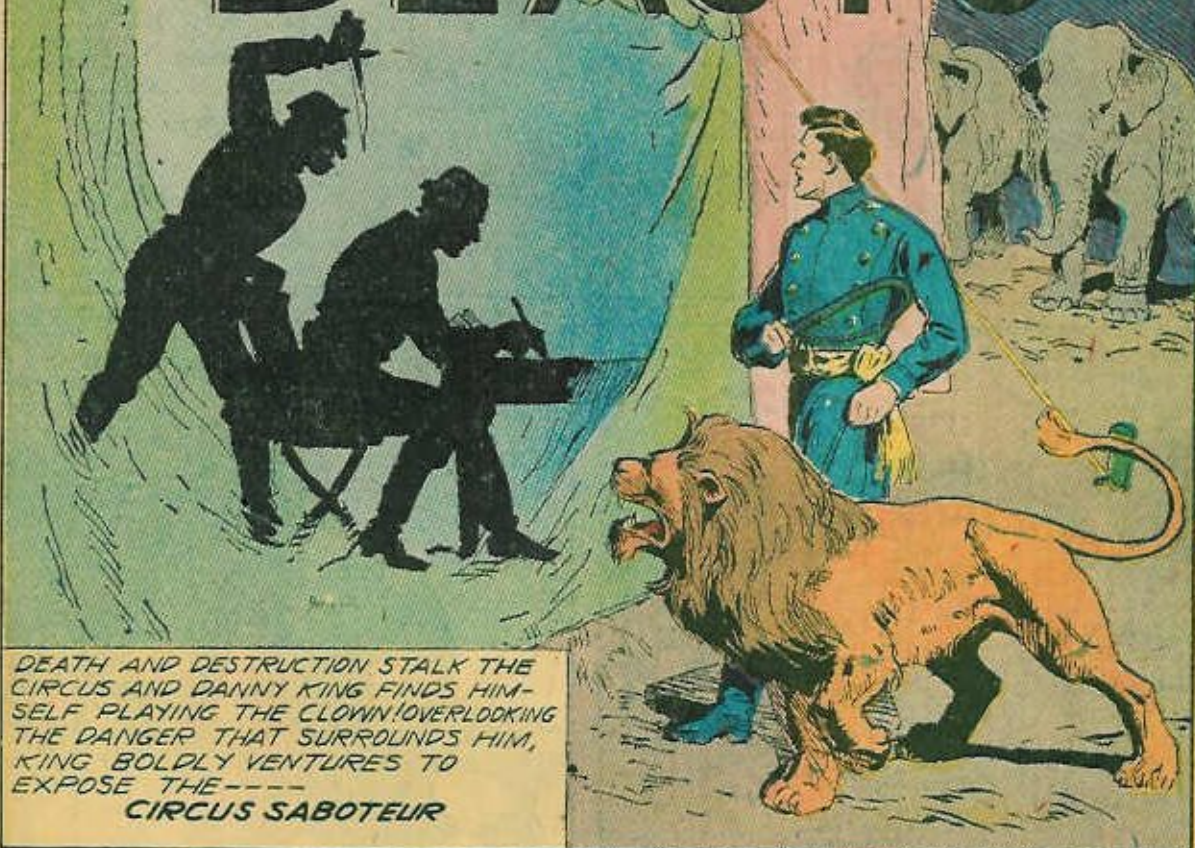


THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER!

FOR CHILLS AND THRILLS, SEE THE NEXT ISSUE FOR MORE "FAMOUS TALES OF TERROR."



KING of The BEASTS



DEATH AND DESTRUCTION STALK THE CIRCUS AND DANNY KING FINDS HIMSELF PLAYING THE CLOWN! OVERLOOKING THE DANGER THAT SURROUNDS HIM, KING BOLDLY VENTURES TO EXPOSE THE-----

CIRCUS SABOTEUR

A SUDDEN OUTBURST OF MYSTERIOUS TRAGEDIES OCCURS AT THE CIRCUS WHERE DANNY KING IS EMPLOYED----



SOMETIME LATER, ON THE CIRCUS GROUNDS--

I TELL YOU DANNY, SOMEONE'S TRYING TO RUIN ME! I'M SURE OF IT! THOSE RECENT TRAGEDIES WEREN'T ACCIDENTS! I'D BET MY BOTTOM DOLLAR ON THAT!

HM! MAYBE YOU ARE RIGHT!





MOMENTS LATER, IN THE CLOWN-MASTER'S TENT

I WANT TO CONCEAL MY IDENTITY, SO DON'T LET ANYONE KNOW WHO I AM. CRANE! AS A CLOWN, I MAY BE ABLE TO FIND OUT WHAT'S GOING ON!

YOU CAN TRUST ME, KING!

I'VE GOT TO CATCH CALLAHAN'S MURDERER! DO YOU KNOW IF HE HAD ANY ENEMIES?

MAYBE--MAYBE NOT! I COULDN'T TELL YA!

MINUTES PASS, AND THEN---

WELL, HOW DO I LOOK? THINK ANYONE WILL RECOGNIZE ME?

HA! IF I DIDN'T KNOW IT I'D THINK YOU WERE CALLAHAN HIMSELF!

WELL, LET'S GET GOING! OUR ACT IS NEXT!

THE SCENE QUICKLY CHANGES TO THE BIG TOP! THE SHOW IS ON!

HE'S ONE GUY NOBODY LIKES!

AND HIGH ABOVE ME YOU SEE DUBBLE, THE WORLD'S GREATEST AERIALIST!

WHY, I RECALL HIM! HE USED TO BE THE TEAM OF DUBBLE AND CROSS!

TILL CROSS FELL AND COULDN'T WORK AGAIN! DUBBLE IS ALONE NOW! TRIES TO HOG THE WHOLE SHOW!

DID HE EVER HAVE TROUBLE WITH CALLAHAN?

CAN'T SAY, BUT DUBBLE HATES EVERYBODY ANYWAY! THEN AGAIN, I DIDN'T LIKE CALLAHAN EITHER! HE WAS TOO SNOOPY!



DUBBLE HATES EVERYBODY--AND CALLAHAN IS DEAD! BUT CRANE HATED HIM TOO! THIS IS A FINE BEGINNING!

THE ACT'S ABOUT OVER! GET READY!



IF CALLAHAN WAS SNOOPY, THEN HE PROBABLY KNEW TOO MUCH! I'LL FIND OUT WHAT, IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!

I'D LET THINGS IRON OUT BY THEMSELVES, OTHERWISE, IT MAY ---



SUDDENLY

HOLY COW! THE NET ROPE'S SNAPPED!



STEP IT UP KING, IT'S TIME FOR OUR ACT!

BUT WHAT ABOUT DUBBLE? IS HE--HE--?



DEAD? NO! JUST SOME BROKEN BONES, THAT'S ALL! HE'S THROUGH WITH SHOW BUSINESS JUST LIKE HIS OLD PARTNER CROSS!



THIS IS OUR CUE WHERE WE TURN THE TABLES!

OKAY!



I HOPE THIS IS JUST IN FUN!



I'M BEGINNING TO SEE IT NOW! THIS ANSWERS PART OF THE TROUBLE, BUT WHAT ABOUT THE REST?



AM I SEEING THINGS? IT'S THE D-DEAD CLOWN!

HA, HA! DON'T LOOK FRIGHTENED! I'M NOT CALLAHAN!



THEN WHO ARE YOU?

FIRST, THERE'S YOUR SABOTEUR AND MURDERER!



THE CLOWN-MASTER?

YES! THESE OLD CLIPPINGS OF DUBBLE AND CROSS! CROSS ACCUSED DUBBLE OF SPIKING HIM FORCING HIM TO RETIRE AS AN AERIALIST! HE SWORE VENGEANCE!



NOW THAT I RECALL, CROSS WANTED TO WORK AS AN AERIALIST, BUT I REFUSED HIM THE JOB AS HE WAS ALL WASHED UP AS ONE, SO I GAVE HIM THE JOB OF CLOWN-MASTER!

AH! THAT EXPLAINS EVERYTHING



CROSS PLANNED TO RUIN YOU, THE SHOW AND DUBBLE! HE HAD NO INTENTION OF KILLING ANYONE, BUT THE SNOOPY CALLAHAN FOUND OUT TOO MUCH!

THAT SETTLES IT! BUT WHO ARE YOU?



ME? HA, HA, --- PEEK-A-BOO!

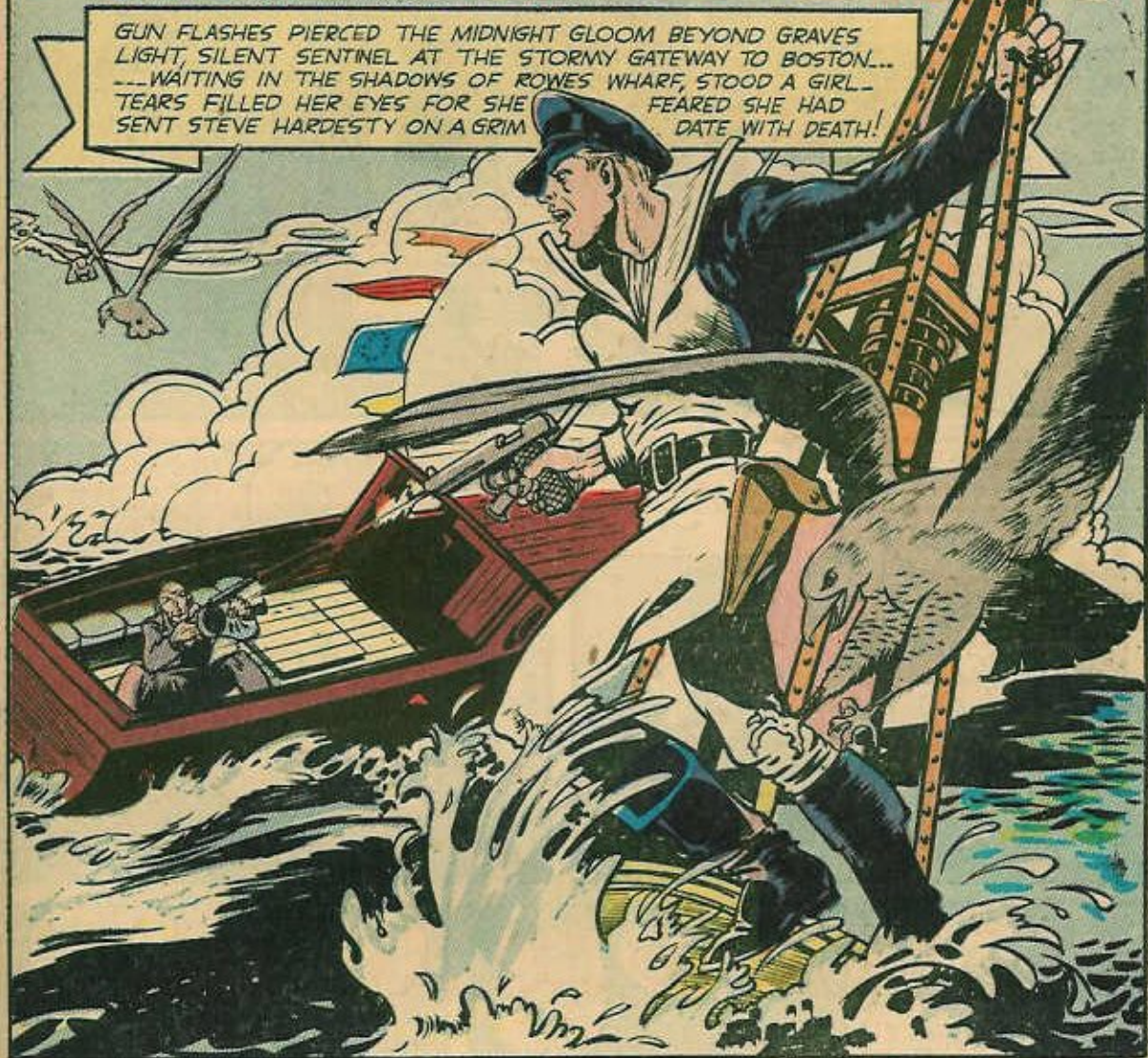
WH--IT'S DANNY KING!



SEE THE NEXT EXCITING ISSUE OF YELLOWJACKET COMICS FOR THE ADVENTURES OF "KING OF THE BEASTS"

HARBOR LIGHTS

GUN FLASHES PIERCED THE MIDNIGHT GLOOM BEYOND GRAVES LIGHT, SILENT SENTINEL AT THE STORMY GATEWAY TO BOSTON...
 ---WAITING IN THE SHADOWS OF ROWES WHARF, STOOD A GIRL--
 TEARS FILLED HER EYES FOR SHE FEARED SHE HAD
 SENT STEVE HARDESTY ON A GRIM DATE WITH DEATH!



OUTSIDE THE BACK ROOM OF A SCOLLAY SQUARE TAVERN---

JAKE WOULD KILL ME IF HE KNEW I'D FOLLOWED HIM!



CUSTOM INSPECTORS DON'T BOARD THE CRISTOBAL 'TILL MORNING! THE STUFF'S WAITING FOR US...LET'S GO!

THREE FLASHES IS THE SIGNAL, EH, JAKE? OKAY, C'MON!











JAKE! THERE'S
A COPPER ON
THAT BUOY---
PLUG 'IM!



HEAVE TO,
YUH SLIMY
WHARF RATS!



SO THEY GOT YUH, EH,
SANCHEZ? TOUGH GOING
BUT THEY AIN'T GETTING
MARTY AND ME!



**JAKE'S SNEAK ASSAULT
ENDS IN HIS DISASTER**

SLEEP THAT ONE OFF..I'M
BRINGING YOU BACK ALIVE!



OKAY, GUS! EVERYTHING
IS UNDER CONTROL
NOW... HOOK ON A
TOWLINE!

JEEPERS! YOU MADE A
CLEAN SWEEP STEVE.
WHAT'S THE CONTRA-
BAND?



COCAINE! ENOUGH
SNOW TO HOP UP
EVERY GUNMEN
AND KILLER ON
THE EAST COAST!

THERE'D BEEN THE DEVIL
TO PAY OFF IF WE HADN'T
CAUGHT THIS STUFF...
WHO TIPPED YOU OFF,
STEVE?



BUT THE QUESTION REMAINS
UNANSWERED EVEN AS THEY
REACH THE POLICE DOCK---

CALL THE WAGON
FOR JAKE, GUS...
I'VE GOT TO
MAKE A PHONE
CALL!

HEY! -
WHAT'S THE
RUSH?



IF STEVE WOULD
ONLY FORGET THAT
I'M JAKE BURNS'
SISTER...HOW CAN
I MAKE HIM
BELIEVE!

THERESA!



STEVE!...YOU
CAUGHT HIM
WITH THE
GOODS?

YES...AND I'LL BELIEVE YOU
EVERY TIME ANYWHERE...
ALWAYS I'LL BELIEVE YOU
DARLING!





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P. N.
Port Knox, Ky.

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